

Poetry.

TO INTELLECT.
For the Mercury.
On the medium of the American Scientific Association.
EILEEN.
Soar, strong winged intellect, soar on, soar on,
Spread thy broad plumes, assert thy heaven-taught
power.
And onward press, earth's inmost depths explore,
Resolve its rocks, as in their natal hour;
Measure its clouds and weigh its atmosphere,
Tell o'er the children of the sea and mere,
Dive to the ocean depths, where zoophytes flower,
To dreamy life amid their coral caves;
Soar higher yet, trace out the Aurora beams,
Map out the sun, watch how the planets stray,
And upward still, from star to farther star,
Search out the mysteries of the comets way,
From orb to orb, from sphere to higher sphere,
Unfettered by the distance or the near;
Explore the night, explain the blaze of day,
Join law to law, read nature's wondrous plan,
Long veiled, long tangled to the gaze of man.
Mount, upward, mount! there are no bounds for thee,
Unfettered mind. Let flight prompt higher flight,
No universe from universal evolves,
To tempt thee onward into bolder light.
There are no limits to thy gaze—yea, one,
Bound how thy name before the cloud-wrapped
throne,
Nor dare 't explore the splendor of its light;
For, evermore unspeakable must be,
Its power, who to such strength created thee.

MY DREAM.
For the Mercury.
BY MRS. S. L. REED.
I saw a land far, far away
A land of light and joy
Where heart met heart with love divine,
Peace reigned without annoy.
And birds sang sweet amid the trees,
Tossing always summer there;
The earth looked bright and beautiful,
The flowers, fresh and fair.
The violet and the lily grew,
Where sparkling streams did flow;
Tripping o'er the hills and dales,
And murmuring as they go.
The myrtle flower, and jessamine,
Crept o'er the cottage door;
And village swain, with merry feet,
Tripped by the sea-girt shore.
And music sweet came o'er the sea,
And filled the balmy air;
The hearts of all are light and free,
For none knew grief or care.
With longing heart, I sought to find
A rest amid that scene;
When, from my slumber I awoke,
And found it all a dream.

Useful Hints.

OMELETTE.—Four eggs, one teaspoonful of butter, cut in bits, one large spoonful milk or cream, salt and pepper to taste. Put a piece of butter, half the size of an egg in the pan—which should not be too large, to allow it to spread too thin—let it melt, break in one slice of bread, crumbled fine, and two large spoonfuls of cream. Beat the eggs well, stir them in briskly for a moment, let it cook about five minutes, then fold it over and turn out. This with ham, makes a nice dish for the breakfast table.
YEAST.—To any quantity of water desired, add sufficient hops to make it very strong, and let it steep slowly two or three hours. Then boil it a few moments, strain out the hops, put the liquor back in the kettle, let it boil moderately, and add flour till a stiff batter is formed. When thoroughly scalded, put it in a jar to cool, and while a little warm, add yeast to ferment it. When well fermented, add to two quarts of yeast a half a tea-cup of salt. Keep it in a cool place. A table-spoon twice full will make sponge for a half dozen loaves of bread. Yeast made in this way will not sour.
TOMATO FIGS.—Place tomatoes in boiling water and leave them until the skin bursts. Drain off the water and add sugar enough to cover them, when it is melted. Boil slowly for an hour, skin out the tomatoes carefully, and drain off all the syrup, then pack them in sugar. When dry they closely resemble genuine figs.
FLOUR PUDDING.—Mix four eggs with four cups of sweet milk and a tablespoonful of butter, and stir in two cups of flour. Bake it 3-4 of an hour in a quick oven, and serve with sauce of butter and sugar well mixed with a little wine if desired.
BOILED SWEET PUDDING.—One cup of sweet fine chopped, one cup of sugar, one of milk, one of molasses, and a little salt. Stir in wheat flour until it is the consistency of stirred cake. Boil three hours; serve with sweet cream.
CHEAT SUGAR CAKES.—Two eggs, one teaspoon flour, one sugar, one large spoonful cream tartar, a little salt, grated rind one lemon, one teaspoonful of butter. Bake fifteen minutes.
It is stated in one of the London papers that cramp in the legs may be instantly cured if, on the moment of its seizure in the calf of the leg, the instep is forcibly drawn up. This method, which can be easily tried, may be of the most important benefit to bathers.
When a current of ordinary coal gas is passed through a neutral solution of nitrate of silver, a crystalline precipitate is obtained, formed of a large quantity of little prisms, which, when dry, detonate under the action of heat or the blow of a hammer, like fulminating silver.
Pale lac or mastic varnish is suitable for transferring printed pictures from paper on wood. The wood receives a coat of varnish first, and before it is quite dry, the picture to be copied is laid on, face to the wood, to which it adheres. When dry, the paper is rubbed off with a little moisture on the finger, and the black lines and colors are found adhering perfectly to the wood.
Pure kaolin clay, dried, then reduced to powder and mixed with boiled linseed oil, makes a good cement for tin stones which are exposed to the weather.
When the glass case which covers the magnet of a compass becomes electrified, it affects the needle. This defect can be remedied by dipping the glass with water, the moisture reducing the electricity.

Selected Tale.

THE UMBRELLA GIRL.

There resided in New York some twelve or fifteen years ago a venerable and Quaker merchant named Isaac T. Hopper, who was always trying to do good to some body, and during his long life his name became famous not only in the city but all the country roundabout for his many acts of disinterested benevolence. How many times have we seen the old 'Quaker Cock,' fresh as morning, crossing the Park, in his cocked hat, plain coat, knee breeches, white stockings, and old fashioned, bright buckled shoes—in his face size and figure so much resembling the puissant Napoleon the First! A very interesting biography of the 'fine old gentleman' has been recently published in Boston, from the pen of Mrs. L. Maria Child, and from it we extract the following affecting little story:—
A young girl, the only daughter of a poor widow, removed from the country to New York to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was very handsome, with glossy black hair, large beaming eyes, and 'lip-lip-kewet coral.' She was just at the susceptible age when youth is ripening into womanhood, when the soul begins to be pervaded by that restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union.
At a hotel near the store for which she worked, an English traveller, called Lord Henry Stuart, had taken lodgings. He was a strikingly handsome man, and of princely carriage. As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella girl and was attracted by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the store, where he soon after went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed up by a present of flowers, chats by the wayside, and invitations to walk or ride; all of which were gratefully accepted by the unsuspecting rustic; for she was ignorant of the dangers of a city as were the squirrels of her native fields. He was merely playing a game for temporary excitement. She, with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love, was unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.
Lord Henry invited her to visit the public gardens on the Fourth of July. In the simplicity of her heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself his bride elect; she thereupon accepted the invitation with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to appear in on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank, whom she vainly supposed to be her destined husband. While these thoughts revolved in her mind, her eye was unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk, belonging to her employer. Could she not take it, without being seen, and pay for it secretly when she had earned money enough? The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness. She concealed the silk, and conveyed it to her lodgings. It was the first thing she had ever stolen, and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back, but she dreaded discovery. She was not sure that her repentance would be met in a spirit of forgiveness.
On the eventful Fourth of July, she came out in her new dress. Lord Henry complimented her upon her elegant appearance, but she was not happy. On their way to the gardens, he talked to her in a manner which she did not comprehend. Perceiving this, he spoke more explicitly. The guiltless young creature stopped, looked in his face with mournful reproach, and burst into tears. The nobleman took her hand kindly and said: 'My dear, are you an innocent girl?'
'I am, I am,' she replied, with convulsive sobs. 'Oh! what have I ever done, or said, that you should ask me such a question?'
The evident sincerity of her words stirred the deep fountains of his better nature. 'If you are innocent,' said he, 'God forbid that I should make you otherwise. But you accepted my invitations and presents so readily, that I supposed you understood me.'
'What could I understand,' said she, 'except that you intended to make me your wife?'
'Though reared amid the proudest distinction of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of the world stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her would soon be to him as the recollection of last year's butterflies. With her the wound was deep. In the solitude of her chamber she wept in bitterness of heart over her ruined air-castles. That dress, which she had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride! Oh! what if she should be discovered? And would not the heart of her poor widowed mother break, if she should ever know that her child was a thief?

Alas her wretched forebodings proved too true. The silk was traced to her; she was arrested on her way to the store and dragged to prison. There she refused all nourishment, and wept incessantly. On the fourth day, the keeper called upon Isaac T. Hopper, and informed him that there was a young girl in prison, who appeared to be utterly friendless, and determined to die by starvation. The kind-hearted Friend immediately went to her assistance. He found her lying on the floor of her cell, with her face buried in her hands sobbing as if her heart would break. He tried to comfort her, but could obtain no answer.
'Leave us alone, said he to the keeper. 'Perhaps she will speak to me, if there is no one to hear.' When they were alone together, he put back the hair from her temples, laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head, and said in soothing tones: 'My child consider me as thy father. Tell me all thou hast done. If thou hast taken this silk, let me know all about it. I will do for thee as I would for my own daughter; and I doubt not that I can help thee out of this difficulty.'
After a long time spent in affectionate entreaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out: 'Oh! I wish I was dead. What will my poor mother say when she knows of my disgrace?'
'Perhaps we can manage that she shall never know it,' replied he. Alluring her by this hope, he gradually obtained from her the whole story of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her be comforted, and take nourishment; for he would see that the silk was paid for, and the prosecution withdrawn.
He went immediately to her employer, and told him the story. 'This is her first offence,' said he. 'The girl is young and she is the only child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society, a useful and honest woman. I will see that thou art paid for the silk.' The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have dealt otherwise by the girl if he had known all the circumstances. 'Thou shouldst have inquired into the merits of the case,' replied Friend Hopper. 'By this kind of thoughtlessness many a young creature is driven into the downward path, who might easily have been saved.'
The kind hearted man next proceeded to the hotel, and with quaker simplicity acquired for Henry Stuart. The servant said his lordship had not yet arisen. Tell him my business is of importance,' said Friend Hopper. The servant soon returned and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared surprised that a stranger in the plain Quaker costume, should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy. When he heard his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the girl's statement. His benevolent visitor took the opportunity to 'bear testimony' against the selfishness and sin of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner, that the young man's heart was touched. He excused himself, by saying that he would not have tampered with the girl, if he had known her to be virtuous. 'I have done many wrong things,' said he, 'but, thank God, no betrayal of confiding innocence weighs on my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest act of which man is capable.' The imprisonment of the poor girl, and the forlorn situation in which she had been found, distressed him greatly. When Friend Hopper represented that the silk had been stolen for his sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to return to her distant home, to avoid the danger of exposure, he took out a fifty-dollar note, and offered it to pay her expenses.
'Nay,' said Isaac. 'Thou art a very rich man, I presume. I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injury. Give me another.'
Lord Henry handed him another fifty-dollar note, and smiled as he said: 'You understand your business well. But you have acted nobly, and I reverence you for it. If you ever visit England, come to see me. I will give you a cordial welcome, and treat you as a nobleman.'
Farewell, friend, replied the Quaker. 'Though much to blame in this affair, thou hast behaved nobly. Mayst thou be blessed in domestic life, and trifle no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those whom others have betrayed and deserted.'
When the girl was arrested, she had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name, and by that means her true name had been kept out of the newspapers. 'I did this,' said she, 'for my poor mother's sake.' With the money given by Lord Stuart, the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence forever remained a secret in the breast of her benefactor.
Years after these events transpired, a lady called at Friend Hopper's house, and asked to see him. When he entered the room, he found a handsomely dressed

young matron, with a blooming boy of five or six years old. She rose quickly to meet him, and her voice choked as she said: 'Friend Hopper, do you know me?' He replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him, and said: 'You once helped me when in great distress.' But the good missionary of humanity had helped too many in distress, to be able to recollect her without more precise information. With a tremulous voice she bade her son go into the next room for a few minutes; then dropping on her knees, she hid her face in his lap, and sobbed out: 'I am the girl who stole the silk. Oh! where should I now be, if it had not been for you?'
When her emotion was somewhat calmed, she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a Senator of his native State. Being on a visit to Friend Hopper's vicinity, she had again and again passed his dwelling, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted to enter, her courage failed.
'But I must return home to-morrow,' said she, 'and I could not go away without once more seeing him who saved me from ruin.' She recalled her little boy, and said to him: 'Look at that gentleman, and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had.' With an earnest invitation to visit her happy home, and a fervent 'God bless you!' she bade her benefactor farewell.
Teach the Women to Save.—There's the secret! A saving woman at the head of a family is the very best savings bank yet established. One that receives deposits daily and hourly, with no costly machinery to manage it. The idea of saving is a pleasant one; and if the women would imbibe it at once, they would cultivate and adhere to it, and thus, when they are not aware of it, would be laying the foundation of a competent security in a stormy time, and shelter in a stormy day. The woman who sees to her own house, has a large field to save in. The best way to make her understand it, is for her to keep an account of the current expenses. Probably not one wife in ten, has any idea how much are the expenditures for herself and family. Where from one to two thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something, if the attempt is only made. Let the housewife take the idea, act upon it, and strive over it, and she will save many dollars, perhaps hundreds, where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty, not a prompting of avarice, a moral obligation, that rests upon 'the women as well as the men; but it is a duty, (we are sorry to say) which is cultivated but very little, even among those who preach the most, and regard themselves as models in most matters. Teach the women to save,' is a good enough maxim to be inserted in the next edition of 'Poor Richard's Almanac.'
Outdoor Exercise.—City people especially, and many country people, and all who follow sedentary pursuits should read the following:
It is following chiefly, to their delight in outdoor exercise, that the elevated classes in England reach a patriarchal age notwithstanding their habits of high living, of late hours, of wine drinking, and many other health destroying agencies. The deaths of their Generals, their Lords, their Earls and Dukes, are chronicled almost every week, at 70, 80, and 90 years.
It is because they will be on horseback, the most elegant, rational and accomplished of all forms of exercise, both for sons or daughters. As the whole credit of longevity in these classes, must not be given to their love of field sports; it must be divided with the not less characteristic traits of an English nobleman. He will take the world easy, and could we as a people persuade ourselves to do the same thing habitually, it would add two years to the average of human life, and save many a broken heart, and broken fortune, and broken constitution.
Controlling the Inclination.—It is hard work to control the workings of inclination, and turn the bent of nature; but that it may be done, I know from experience. God has given us, in a measure, the power to make our own fate; and when our energies seem to demand a sustenance they cannot get—when our will strains after a path we may not follow—we need neither starve from inanition, nor stand still in despair; we have but to seek another nourishment for the mind, as strong as the forbidden food it longed to taste, and perhaps purer; and to howl out for the adventurous foot a road as direct and broad as the one Fortune has blocked up against us, if rougher than it.—Charlotte Brontë.
Sam, what is the difference between a flat surface and a leaden image of Satan? One is a dead level, and the other is a lead devil.
What is the difference between a physician and a magician? One is a cupper, and the other a sorcerer.
It is a very solemn thing to get married, said Aunt Bethany.
Yes, but it's a great deal more solemn not to be, said her niece.

THE FATHER'S RETURN.

BY A. SOUTHEY KINGSTON

The sun behind the hill has set,
The children stand beside the door,
Waiting to see their father come,
Homeward, across the distant moor.
Mother, within the cottage walls,
Hath spread the board and swept the room,
And by the window, sits to watch
His footsteps through the gathering gloom.
Now far away, the well known form,
Across the moor is plodding slow;
The children with a cry of joy,
To meet him down the pathway go.
One claims his spade, and one his hoe,
The youngest darling claims his horse;
Each tells some tale, as back they go,
To where the mother stands.
With baby brother in his arms,
Who crows to see his father near;
And then the cottage walls within,
They seek their place, but wholesome cheer.
And from that low and humble board,
They offer praise to God above,
And incense-like, each word ascends,
And circles round the throne of love.

A Sermon.
Let the word of my mouth and the meditation of my heart, be always acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.—Our Father, &c.

REV. XXVI. 22—AMEN

In the beginning God created the Heavens and the Earth. He laid the foundations of this lower world, and built the vast fabric. He spoke the word and it came to pass. He created the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea. He also formed man out of the dust—created him after his own image—placed him in Paradise and made him ruler over all things here below; even of the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, and all creeping things. But man being in honor abode not; but rebelled against God his creator, by eating of the forbidden fruit. Thus he who was created but a little lower than the angels, by his disobedience became but a little superior to the beasts of the field. So far did the fall debase human nature.
Man, by his rebellion, lost communion with God, and rendered himself obnoxious to the wrath of his creator. By his transgressions of the Divine law, he forfeited all right and title to his favor, and became subject to pain, sickness, and death. A dreadful alteration now took place. Instead of enjoying the light of God's countenance he was left under the power of sin: that spiritual sickness, which destroyed the soul; and which rendered him wretched indeed. No hand could now help him—no created arm could save him: the gate of Paradise was barred against him with a flaming sword, and the way to life rendered impossible, even to the sorrowful and penitent heart.
Now, Christ beholding the condition wherein man had brought himself by his disobedience, steps forth as a savior; presents himself as a mediator between God and man, and offers to pay the debt due for sin. God, the Father, being pleased with the mediation of Christ, as one mighty and able to save, says: AMEN, so let it be: let Christ die for man—let him suffer to pay the debt due for sin—let him satisfy the divine justice; through him, my wrath shall be appeased, and man shall again be re-admitted into a state of favor, and reconciliation with his maker: His death shall cancel the demands of the law, and this proverb shall no more be used, the parents have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.

Accordingly Christ left the bosom of the father, the superlative excellence, the prerogatives of the Godhead, and came into this, our world and took our nature upon him. For as he descends from far above all principalities and powers; for us, he became a helpless infant, and was content to be born in the meanest circumstances of poverty and degradation: For us and for our salvations, he was reviled and afflicted, yea, he humbled himself unto death, of the cross. How did the haughty scribes and Pharisee persecute him; even the King's of glory, the holy one of Israel, the Lord of light and life. As a father pities his children, so did Christ pity us. He bore our infirmities and our stripes were laid upon him. He was judged by men and the vilest of men; and condemned to die the death of a malefactor, by the very breath which he himself inspired. He was scourged by Philae, stripped by the soldiers of his garments, and a crown of thorns as a mock ensign of royalty, was set upon his head and a reed put into his hand. They spit in his face and buffeted him. They bowed their heads before him and cried hail King of the Jews in derision. Away to Calvary they dragged him, and placed him upon the cross, as the worst of doers. See your Jesus lying down upon that bed of sorrows; and his mother with the women, and the beloved disciples, weeping around him! Behold the nails and the hammer! The appointed soldier fastens him to the wood! It is erected—Jesus is lifted upon the Heavens and the earth! He hangs suspended upon his wounds, a spectacle to man and to angels! How he cries in the bitterness

of his soul, Eloi, Eloi, lama Sabachane! My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me? What, O Heavenly Father, hast thou forsaken thine only begotten son? Whence these direful groans, those heart-rending agonies! Jesus dies! Horrid spectacle! Dies between two thieves! My very flesh trembles at the thought!—The earth quakes—the veil of the temple is rent asunder—the graves are opened—the dead arise, and the sun, as if ashamed to behold the cruel deed, hides his face in darkness! Yet how do the Priests, and Scribes and Elders of the people mock his dying pangs! O ye angels, how could ye bear the sight! ye celestial spirits, to see the King of glory upon the accursed tree. Be astonished, O ye Heavens, and tremble, thou earth at the ingratitude of sinful man!
But hark, methinks I hear yet a voice! Jesus cries! But what does he cry? He cries AMEN! It is finished. I have paid the debt for sin—reconciled God and man and made an atonement for the whole human race! Here ends the scene of his sufferings. Christ gives up the ghost! He hangs a pale, ghastly corpse. See his withering limbs! His once sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks! Behold his snow white skin, his throbbing breast—his pierced side, his hands and feet! All these speak with a still, small voice, come unto me ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will refresh you.—I will give rest unto your souls! Rest unto our souls!—O blessed Jesus, it is all we need; we ask no more. Grant us gracious Lord to be truly thankful to thee and to follow the path thou hast marked out, ever led by the guidance of thy holy spirit, and at last receive us to the blissful mansions above, where thou forever reignest; where all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and where all sorrow shall be taken from our hearts.
Thus did Christ die! It is certain also that he arose from the dead, being the first fruits of those who slept. For since by man came death, by man also came the resurrection from the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. And he hath also ascended into heaven and taken a seat at the right hand of God the father, where he is surrounded by myriads of angels, and an innumerable company of ministering spirits, who continually cry, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Host; Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory. And it is also evident that he will come again at the last day, in great power and awful dignity, to judge both the quick and the dead. For he saith, surely I come quick.—Amen. And the echo, or expectation of the Apostle, or church, is, even so 'come Lord Jesus.—And again: 'behold he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also that pierced him, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so.—Amen. What scenes of terror shall seize upon the souls of those who refused to obey their rightful lord, and sovereign—rejected his offers of reconciliation, set light by the gospel and all the invitations of his love and compassion? How will they tremble to meet the righteous Judge, the man whom their sins, and their iniquities have pierced, even the Redeemer of the world, the Lamb of God! Their souls will then shudder at the very sight of him, who they crucified; when he shall come to take vengeance on those, who do not obey the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; at whose second coming the King's of the earth, and the great men, and the Chief Captains, and the mighty men, and every bond man, and every free man, shall hide themselves in the dens, and in the rocks of the mountains, and shall say to the mountains and the rocks, fall on us, and hide us from the wrath of the Lamb. But what will all this avail? Shall the mountains and rocks hide them, that the Almighty, the searcher of hearts, and discernor of thoughts, should not bring them to Judgment? No, alas! to Judgment they must come, there to give an account of all the deeds done in the body; and not only these, but all the world must appear before the Judgment seat of God, where they that have done good, shall receive their everlasting sentence pronounced upon them, by their reconciled God and Judge: come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world! But to the wicked, those who have done evil, set light by the gospel, disobeyed the truth, and refused to be governed by the laws of Christ, he shall say, in awful accent, as the just recompense of their iniquities—depart from me ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.
This concludes! Now is the great Amen pronounced! The end is come!—The Angel sweareth by him that liveth for ever and ever, that time shall be no more! Thus, this world, with all its pomp and glory is done away! a long eternity succeeds; and a never ending Sabbath of rest brings up the rear.

Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1775.

A number of British ships occupied the waters of this bay wlaying the coasters and market boats which supplied the town with provisions, fuel &c. The town authority entered into a treaty with Capt. James Wallace, who commanded the fleet stationed here, of which treaty much remains to be said.
84 barrels of flour were taken by the people from the store of George Rome, at the Point and deposited in the brick market to prevent his shipping the same to Boston for the use of the British. A guard of marines attempted to prevent this from being done, but without effect.
Last Sunday, it being reported that two American vessels of force were lying in Narragansett Bay, Capt. Wallace of the ship Rose, Ascoug of the Swan, and a tender came to sail, and first beat out to within two miles of the Light house when they bore away, and ran up the river as far as Conanicut Point and took a peep down Narragansett bay, but not discovering any vessels they returned to their station in this harbor. While they were on this short cruise, a number of people boarded and carried off five vessels which these men-of-war had taken and left riding in the road.
The Men-of-war in the harbor of Newport in August, took a quantity of provisions out of several wharves bound to Falkland Islands.
In the latter part of August the fleet under Capt. Wallace, bombarded the town of Stonington in Connecticut, and took three vessels out of the harbor.
A number of vessels coming in with wood, were seized by the Men-of-war and compelled to land their wood on Goat Island, for the use of the ships and also the hospital on said island.
By the month of September the Men-of-war made frequent prizes of American vessels off the coast and sent them to Boston, or brought them into Newport harbor.
From the Providence Gazette.
Providence, Oct. 14.
Saturday evening last, the Rose, Glasgow and Swan, Men-of-war, with several transports, in all about fifteen sail, arrived at Bristol harbor from Newport and formed a line before the town. A barge was soon after sent ashore requiring four majistrates or principal men to repair on board the Rose. The inhabitants did not think proper to comply with the request, but offered to treat with any person that might be sent on or near the shore, promising that no insult should be offered them, and requested that the matter might be put off till the next morning. This answer was returned and in less than an hour a heavy cannonading began from the ships and tenders. The inhabitants not being apprehensive of such sudden and unprovoked cruelty, were thrown into much confusion. The night was dark and rainy, upwards of sixty persons lay languishing on beds of sickness, who were removed into the street, and with the women and children formed a scene that can be more easily imagined than described: such of them as had strength, escaped, while others were conveyed to places of safety in carriages. The firing continued above an hour, during which time more than 120 cannon and some carcasses were discharged against the town, and a tender which lay near the bridge at the north end, kept up a constant fire upon the people that were going out. One of the inhabitants, after halting the Men-of-war, was taken on board, and on enquiring the reason of such hostile proceedings, was informed that Capt. Wallace demanded of Bristol 100 sheep and fifty head of cattle, but consented finally to be satisfied with 40 sheep only, upon the delivery of which he promised to desist from all further hostilities against them, but if the inhabitants refused to comply, he would lay the town in ashes. This demand was laid before the Committee of Inspection, who considering the raging sickness, and other peculiar circumstances of the town, ordered 40 sheep to be delivered, which was accordingly done: Wallace afterward dispatched a barge to some of the neighboring farms and plundered them of hogs, poultry, butter, cheese &c.
The church, meeting house, and several dwelling and out houses at Bristol were damaged; a bull entered Mr. Finny's distill house and let out two hogheads of rum, but providentially, during the whole of this brutal transaction, none of the inhabitants were killed or wounded. About 3 o'clock on Sunday the fleet left Bristol and lay some time between Popponasquash and hog island; at the last mentioned place they landed and cut up a quantity of corn On Monday morning as the fleet was attempting to pass by Bristol Ferry, the Rose and a tender ran aground on the West muscle bed, Rhode Island side and were from thence fired upon by a number of minute men, the ships and tenders fired on each side—several balls went through the ferry and other places on the river.—Wednesday the fleet returned to Newport.
